

SHORT LETTERS

or a personal Devil, I would ask God to save the Blade, but I know there is no such thing. The Bible has come down to us through Asiatic and Egyptian heathen nations. I do not believe the traditions, enigmas, riddles, contradictory passages and willful lies of the Bible, but I believe the scientific truths of the Blue Grass Blade which is much better for people to read than the Bible, that is filled with obscene language. I will ask a few of our Blade readers to send me money to Hughes and C. C. Moore, which will help us more to be kind

Cooperstown, N. D.—Enclosed find \$5 that I want you to use for the Blade. I suggest to every infidel to donate whatever he can to keep the Blade. I suggest to every infidel to do without it—get the ball rolling before it is too late. We are not so poor that we have to let the best paper in the world die for the want of a little money. If we had a big devil behind us to scare us a little, we would soon rustle the necessary money to keep the Blade a going, and

buying as much as Three Hundred Dollars worth of property in Davenport, for cash, will be furnished a free round-trip ticket to Davenport. Town lots and farms can be had at the most reasonable prices.

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DOCTOR

1990

A KENTUCKIAN

DEFENDS INFIDELITY FROM THE CHARGE OF RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

The Medical Talk, for December, brings out a very misleading article entitled "The American Saloon." He puts it as follows:

"These breeding places of syphilis and anarchy, of infidelity taught by the writer, the saloons where faith in man and woman is annihilated and human confidence destroyed," etc.

The writer of the above is a religious zealot, or is trying to mislead the readers, or he must be grossly ignorant of the principles taught by infidelity. In the first place I will call his attention to the Blue Grass Blade, Ky. In the first column of that paper he is at a standstill waiting for the "dancer" and the "dancer" is "Robert G. Ingersoll."

Moore and Ingersoll are two of the greatest infidels that ever lived. This standing warning against liquor should be enough to bush any half-witted fanatic from blowing mad.

In the second place I will show the writer of that infamous article that if his statements were true the infidels would be cleared of such accusation by the fact that the infidels keepers out of every thousand are Christians.

The writer does not attempt to fight liquor, but, under the guise of the saloon, tries to mislead the ignorant. Why don't he tell the truth? He is sententious for using strong drink original in the Bible? A book he'd sacred by all Christians, and that is first promulgated by Christian nations long before any infidel came to public notice.

Why does he say it breeds infidelity? Has it really come so far as that a Christian institution breeds infidelity? Why not speak plainly and say like begets like.

The writer is telling a falsehood, pure and simple. Any one who frequents the saloon is not necessarily an infidel, Jew or Christian. For all that he may be a good or a bad man. He may sit in Congress, preach the gospel or wear the robe of a name.

If we want to remove the evil we must first remove the cause, and as long as superstition is in the majority we will have a majority of drunkenness and crime.

There are but few papers and magazines that have not at some time let loose on the saloon. The Christian temperance preachers so for every town, pocket all the money they can get, and the saloon is as before. Such is the general trend of Christian temperance.

Everywhere, peace—peace—peace—the evil influences resulting from the excessive use of strong drink, but where the Christian is the writer of "The American Saloon" ever proposed one, or does he know one now?

All the libraries in America could not contain all that has been said and written against liquor and yet we are not one step farther than we were a hundred years ago. More still houses are built every day, and of course it takes more money to sell the liquor.

I believe it costs more money to fight it than it does to manufacture it. What is to be done? Local option? No? It won't work. State law? No; tried and discarded. National? No. Christian nation—not even Carle Nation—was ever able to conquer the saloon.

If I were born to destroy the saloon I would not first try to put the blame on the innocent. I would first try to cause. I would grind my axe sharp and strike squarely at the cause. I do not require a great deal of sagacity to detect the germ of our nation's curse. The Bible says: "The Bible is the germ, root, trunk and all—the hot bed of strong drink. It is from the Bible that the Jews and, afterward the Christians, got their first lesson in strong drink."

"Drink and be drunk until thou spew it out." "Drink that thou mayest forget thy misery." I will not repeat all the nasty intemperance lessons of the Old Testament. Suffice it to say that strong wine to the Lord was one of the many church taxes imposed upon the over-taxed Jews.

The New Testament starts in on wine with the first miracle, at the wedding at Cana of Galilee, and up to the Lord was one of the many church taxes imposed upon the over-taxed Jews.

dot. It seems that he is trying to play a double game—to carry water on both shoulders.

He calls the saloon the breeding place of infidelity and a very religious house the breeding place of unhealthy fanaticism. He is trying to kill two flies with one blow. Have a care how you tread, you will spill the water.

The writer then says: "There is no reason in the world why this traffic should not be decent. A saloon may be made as respectable a place as any other place where men and women congregate."

Here the writer begins to smooth his feathers, by referring to the European saloon. I do not know how much reliance can be placed in his experience in the old country saloon. If he does not know more about that than he does about infidelity it would not amount to a pin.

As I have had occasion to observe the saloon in three continents I can speak from experience.

It is a fact that the greater part of the saloons in France, Germany, Switzerland, North Italy and Africa, are, as a rule, decent—more decent than some churches.

The salons of the large cities are fewer than the saloons of the small towns. In the large cities, Germany, Italy, the aldergo and Helvetia.

The writer of "The American Saloon" has failed to give any reason why the saloon has become a place of infidelity. The reason one would judge, is, in itself very simple.

The European saloon runs its business all by itself, while the American saloon has a rich and powerful partner, and his name is "Uncle Sam."

The maker of the stuff buys all the material, pays his hands, furnishes the machinery and keeps the building in repair and he gets about 25 cents a gallon, while his partner gets at least one dollar, and all the work he does is to take the money.

Sever that partnership and the present style of the saloon becomes impossible. Take away the large percentage of the rich partner, and the saloon, as now existing, will fall to pieces.

The partner of the saloon is composed of a force of police, a Christian institution, while the retailer, who handles the goods of his own people, is damned to the same.

Let me tell you as long as the saloon exists, the saloon will still all the preaching and writing will be in vain.

When the tax is removed thousands of little stills will spring into existence and thousands will be taken out again before two years are over.

Whisky will become too cheap to adulterate, and then, if people think they must have it, they will at least have a pure article, less injurious to health.

The saloon as now conducted could not make enough to butter its bread. It would gradually enter the European style, and become a place of decent, more or less, than an ordinary restaurant where liquors are served at meals, and which would be better for the health than to pour down alcohol from mere habit.

Whisky would soon disappear as a table beverage, as in the old countries, and distilled liquor with meals. Yes; sever the relationship between the saloon and the saloon, and the saloon will be the saloon of the saloon house, rather than a decent open place—a regular workshop or saloon.

What of the "The American Saloon," which styles it the breeding place of infidelity, has traveled to Europe, and has returned with the same. He has also found that where the Christians are most religious, the saloon is the most plentiful.

I will give just one instance of that delinquency of strong drink. I traveled from Nimes to Bayonne, the latter being a city about 15 miles from the sea. I saw a party arrive at a famous Christian invented the bayonet, an instrument to kill other Christians with. I saw a party arrive at a decent open place—a regular workshop or saloon.

claimed: "Mon Dieu, ne savez-vous pas que c'est vendredi!" My God, don't you know it's Friday?—Editor Moore!

I told her that I had been on the road and had forgotten it, but she said: "You must not forget it. I imagine such Catholic stupidity; to have so much concern about eating meat on Friday, and yet to drink a whole lot of wine before a guest that would be enough to make anybody drunk!"

After a while I was shown to my room with three beds in it. I took the first to occupy the room, for the night. About two hours after four more began to drop in, and a very man was drunk. One of them was drunk enough to sleep in a police station, and every one of these drunk men soon knelt before his bed to pray. They made enough noise to awaken a dead horse. I listened to all the noisy talk of their half Spanish language, for at least an hour, when I told them, in a very kind way, that I was tired and wished to rest. But, O, my love of the fellows grabbed me and pulled me out of my bed. I dried and made complaint to the landlady, but he only laughed and told them they were strangers and did not know how to behave among good people.

Such is the degrading outpouring of the Roman church—churches constantly retrograding into barbarism—a church that, where it is full away, raises beauty and grace and delectated women and children, but that hates a Presbyterian or a Baptist more than it loves a heathen.

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"DRAW ON ME FOR \$200.00"

Scamorer, Mo., Dec. 6, 1903. Brothers Charles C. Moore and James E. Hughes, Lexington, Ky. I have just gotten my Blade of December 6th, and I am glad to learn that, unless better supplied, financially, you will be compelled to suspend publication of the Blade on January 1st, 1904.

The announcement is so unexpected that I hardly know what had better be done under the circumstances. There is one thing certain, the friends of free speech, free press and good government cannot afford to let such a thing happen.

It is possible to have 4,000 subscribers of the good old Blade will stand by it and see the best paper in the United States go down. No, a thousand times No! We must put our shoulders to the wheel and keep the Blade alive—not but let it in a prosperous happy condition.

I am willing to do my part, as far as I am able to make the Blade a success, and, if possible, to retain Bro. Hughes as its publisher.

I hardly know what plan to suggest, but I think the Blade should try to fix the price of the Blade at \$1 per year, which would make quite a difference in your income on the paper—at least \$1,500 a year.

The Blade is worth \$1 to any man or woman that has a snail about his neck. It is a paper of freedom, of individual liberty or a republican form of government.

An infidel that would object to pay \$1 for the Blade, if he is able, is not worth a dam, and ought to be priest-ridden, and be compelled to support the hypocritical, rotten, Christian churches.

I am 58 years old, to-day. I have been an infidel for 35 years and the longer I live the more I am convinced that I am right and all the rest of the Christian world is wrong. I have unfurled my banner to the breeze for life, regardless of what they may do to me. I am willing to help keep the Blade alive and prosperous. There certainly is enough of vitality and manliness in the Blade to make it a paper of the future, and I am sure it will not go down, and, if necessary, you may now draw \$100,000 from me.

If there are 100 that will do as much, even \$60, that Blade can live and be longer.

With my best wishes for you and Bro. Hughes I remain, truly, J. F. MAYO.

P. S.—I don't intend the above amount to a gift to you, but to the whole human race for good, or that good may come to all. J. F. M.

TO HELP THE BLADE ALONG.

Pontiac, Ill. Dec. 1903. Charles C. Moore and Mr. Hughes: You talk as if you were hard up for funds to keep the Blade afloat. There are only a few Liberals who do their share. There are plenty of Freethinkers if they would send for the paper at 50 cents a year and pay for it.

My opinion about your magazine is that you had better drop it. You sent me five cards some time ago, and I told you that if I could not sell them I can give them away to some one. I enclose you a card for \$2.00 for the paper. I will give \$5 to hug and kill one any time, but you will furnish none; so good-bye!

JOHN S. HOLMON.

Comment.—That's the way the Blade's friends ought to do, in all cases where they can do so without hurting any person who will do for the paper. I suppose I will have to give up the Blade Magazine. Though I had my heart set on it, I will not do so. I will give \$5 to hug and kill one any time, but you will furnish none; so good-bye!

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ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO JAS. E. HUGHES Lexington, Kentucky

From Pink Iconoclast. READ IT.

Down in old Kentucky lives a man by the name of Chas. Moore. His name is on the list of the Pink Iconoclast. Moore publishes a paper known the world over as the "Blue Grass Blade." It's a bold, brash, and many times it has scorched the mail bags from its nest. Especially when Moore gets after the sky piling religion on the new wed (?) pair. He used to be a minister of the gospel. That, however, was before he had as much sense as he now has. He used to stand up as solemn as an owl, and work that old gag, "I pronounce you man and wife," for so much per pronouncement. Then he would put on a sanctimonious look and fling that at the newly wed (?) pair: "Who God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." He worked this graft when his brain was bearded, and his religious ardor was moulded in the mould made by old Alexander Campbell. But one day Moore became honest and honest he was a good man. Then he was "born again." And he threw away his hypocrisy, contracted ideas with his hypocrisy, and began to live in honest sunshine. Since that time he has lived an honest, upright life, and has worked ever since to make others honest and upright. After he had lived this life for many years, and mythical beings, he was arrested by a lot of myth worshippers and railroaded to prison because of their hatred and spite. While Moore was imprisoned for doubting the existence of things he could not see or prove) he wrote a book, "Behing the Gods," and all fair-minded people should get it and read it. It thumps religionists hard. The truths therein contained have the myth followers, it's like a cancer to them. Read it.

Comment.—I would, indeed, be an ingrate if I did not appreciate this and other kind things that Pink Iconoclast—author of "pink of perfection"—has done to my soul, but what I am here doing to say is not merely a case of editorial reciprocity but a conviction.

Pink Iconoclast is, for its cost—50 cents a year—the best paper in the world, except that it is not the Blade. It is infidel in religion and socialistic in politics. His paper is really pink. It is pretty and unique and is a good scheme for advertising, but it is true that the Blade is a good deal better. Pink Iconoclast is absolutely clean, and is filled with good sense, good sense, good sense. Pink Iconoclast is a five column, quarto, weekly 50 cents a year, and its last issue is No. 51—lacking one week of a year that it has been edited and railroaded to prison because of their